


O LET MY TONGUE

Arsène BATAANA
Harm. Ami-Fidèle

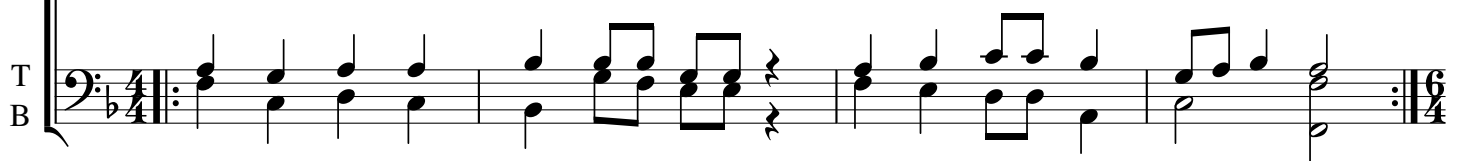
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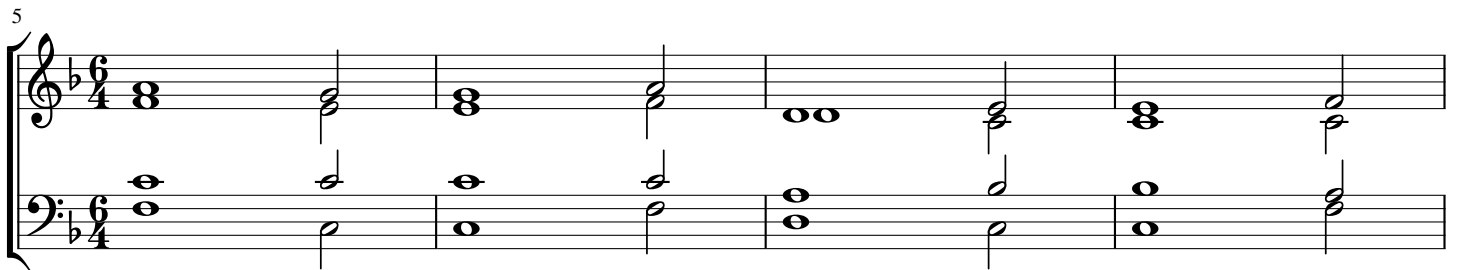


O let my tongue cleave to my pa-late if i re-member you not

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1. By the rivers of Babylon
There we sat and wept
Remembering Sion
On the poplars that grew there

2. For it was there that they asked us
Our captors, for songs
Our oppressors for joy, sing to us they said
One of Sion songs

3. O how could we sing?
The song of the Lord on foreign soil
If forget you, Jerusalem
Let my right hand wither

4. O let my tongue cleave to my palate
If I remember you not
If I prize not Jerusalem
As the first of my joys